

The BAYONET

VOL. XVIII. AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY, FORT DEFIANCE, VA. December 12, 1959 No. 2

AMA Holiday Ball Closes Big Week

Rounding out a weekend of festivities at AMA, the Cotillion Club on the Friday following Thanksgiving featured a salute to the year-end holidays. Decorated in holiday colors of red, green, white, and yellow, the Memorial Gymnasium became a ballroom of balloons, crepe paper, Christmas trees, and scenes of the holiday season.

The largest crowd at any AMA dance except for the Final Ball attended the dance. Larry Elliot's orchestra, featuring an electric organ, played for the affair.

The decorations featured a gold ceiling with posts of red and green, a long entrance way of gold, and a center panel over the ceiling of solid green. The stage was decorated with a plaid Christmas package pattern of green and white, with solid side panels of red on one side and green on the other. Two twelve foot Christmas trees at the foot of the stage, a fireplace, and an aluminum tree with small blinking lights furthered the seasonal mood. Beneath a side panel of white, carol-



Decoration For The Christmas Program at the YMCA are in good hands with Mrs. Wales supervising and Cadet Jon Davis to move things around.

ing figures painted by cadets John Newton and Jim Parmagiani represented the Christmas holiday. A large bell and flowing ribbons with 1960 illustrated the Happy New Year theme, and a huge panel of turkeys, Pilgrims, and harvest time depicted the Thanksgiving season.

Decorations for the dance were in charge of Cadet C. L. White-side. Many members of the Cotillion Club served on the committee for decorations.



"I'm Afraid Of The Camera" Yells Ed Noboa as he ducks. Cesar Rodriguez, Sally Campbell, and Pat Fribush are amused. The scene is AMA's Holiday Ball.

Riflemen Conquer First Opposition

The Hawkeyes won their first official match of the season by defeating Washington and Lee University last week by a score of 1385 to 1284.

The top individual scores from the AMA riflemen were Adams, 282; Battle, 278; Murray, 275; Northrup, 275; and Frees, 275.

AMA defeated W&L on the VMI rifle range. It was a shoulder-to-shoulder match.

The next event on the Hawkeye's schedule is the Randolph-Hearst Trophy match. This is a national postal match and will be fired before Christmas.

Editor's Note—As the Bayonet went to press word was received that the AMA riflemen had just defeated Culver Military Academy with a score of 1414-1310. This is the highest score ever made at Augusta. Culver was the National championship team last year.



Big Gun For the Rifle Team Ed Burton, above, checks his rifle carefully before firing.

YMCA Sponsors Lynchburg Fund Campaign To End Sunday Night

On Sunday evening, December 13, 1959, the YMCA of the Augusta Military Academy will hold its last meeting of the old year. An appropriate program for the coming holiday season will be conducted by Cadet First Captain W. C. Bowen and the YMCA officers. Christmas carols will be sung, a Christmas message will be delivered by the school chaplain, the Reverend James A. Allison, Jr., and the cadets of the Corps and the faculty will be given the opportunity to contribute towards AMA's Christmas gift to the Lynchburg Orphanage.

This program, and this gift has come to be an annual feature of the school year. It is a feature which is unique with Augusta, as Augusta alone is the donor. There are other drives, such as the March of Dimes and the Community Chest, to which the Academy gives gifts. However, these are

drives which are shared by others. The Lynchburg drive is the result of AMA's own charity.

Rolier Family Starts Practice

The Lynchburg fund was put into effect in the 1920's by Col. Thomas Rolier, brother of the present principal of the Academy. Col. Rolier was acquainted with the orphanage maintained by the Presbyterian Church in Lynchburg. He had visited it, and realized that the Church could keep the students in necessities, but was financially unable to provide any extras.

As a result of this situation, he began a practice which has continued uninterrupted to the present. He organized a drive at the Academy to give a Christmas dinner to the Lynchburg orphans. The original appeal met with great success and thus continued each year.

Candy, Gifts Are Given

Col. C. S. Rolier, Jr. has continued the support of the fund originated by his late brother.

Last year the AMA donation to the Lynchburg fund netted more than \$525.00. This year a goal of at least a dollar a cadet is being aimed at, and should that goal be reached a new record would be set.

With the money collected last year Major H. W. Lucas, YMCA advisor, and Capt. Howard Hanson bought and delivered the AMA gift to the Lynchburg Orphanage. This included 196 pounds of turkey, and all such items as would make a holiday meal. With the money left over from the dinner a box of candy was bought for each girl and boy at the orphanage. The AMA gift also included some clothes for the smaller children. All of these gifts represented something "extra" for the Lynchburg Home.

Lynchburg Choir Visits AMA

Last spring a choir of girls from the Lynchburg Orphanage made a trip to visit the AMA cadets at the YMCA. They gave a program to the corps and expressed their thanks to Augusta for the earlier Christmas gift.

Major Lucas has announced that he will begin buying the AMA gift as soon as the drive ends on Sunday night, and that he will deliver it the following weekend. This will allow time for the dinner to be given before Christmas.

Major Lucas has expressed the hope that "the AMA cadets will be as generous this year as they have been in the past."

Bowen Writes To AMA Corps

Greetings:

Greetings to each of my fellow cadets at Christmas. To the officers of the Corps, I can only say that you have my heartfelt thanks for your support and your willingness to help at all times. To the new cadets, I can truthfully say that I have never seen as many different boys come together, show such enthusiasm, work as hard, and have as much real enjoyment in being an AMA cadet.

But let's all realize what Christmas means. To each of us, it is the greatest time of the year, a time of joy, and celebration, and warmth. It is the season of birth and rebirth.

And that is what each of us must realize—that as a new decade begins never before has unity, education, and honesty meant so much. We must enter 1960 with a firm determination to begin anew, to make each day better than the day before.

As 1959 ebbs away we can be proud to be, a Col. Rolier said, "the best Corps in the '50's." We have seen how good grades are important in applying for college, and we've seen how a united Corps can mean more participation in sports, better dances, and higher spirits.

With the realization this Christmas of the great gifts which God has given us and with the realization that Christmas is a celebration in honor of His supreme gift to us, we must make up our minds to do our best always in order to deserve everything we've been given.

Let's pledge ourselves to work harder, to help each other more every day, to show our appreciation for what our parents and teachers have done for us, and to make ourselves the best that Augusta has ever produced.

To Col. and Mrs. Rolier, the faculty, and to every cadet I wish the best of everything at Christmas and the finest New Year ever.

Sincerely,
W. C. Bowen,
Battalion Commander
Augusta Military Academy

Leonard and Cash Receive Honors

Col. Rolier, principal of the Academy, and the football coaches presented cadets Ralph Leonard and Charlie Cash with gold footballs for outstanding football performance this season. The awards were given at the Thanksgiving banquet the day following the AMA-FMS game.

Leonard, a tackle, and Cash, a halfback, were largely responsible for AMA's successful season on the gridiron, according to Col. Rolier. The season record for the varsity club was five wins, three ties, and one loss.

Gold footballs are given each year to outstanding players, in addition to monograms. No higher football award can be given at AMA.

Cadets Share In Area Festivities

Recently cadets of the Corps were invited to two Christmas dances at schools in the nearby area. Madison College in Harrisonburg, Va., hosted some eighty AMA cadets, and the same weekend saw another group of cadets entertained by the girls of Fairfax Hall in Waynesboro, Virginia.

The dance at Fairfax Hall was the annual Ring Dance. AMA's Max Casal was in the figure, escorting Miss Rosa Gonzalez.



Plans, Plans, and More Plans., come from this brain trust. Jim Towe, Maj. Wales, Ist. Capt. Bill Bowen and John Adams are always planning.

1959
Dec. 14—Christmas exams begin . . .
9 am 1st per. exam
2 pm 2nd per. exam
Dec. 15—9 am 3rd per. exam
2 pm 4th per. exam
Dec. 16—9 am 5th per. exam
2 pm 6th per. exam
Dec. 17—7 am
Christmas leave begins
1960
Jan. 5—7 pm Christmas leave ends, and all cadets will be back at AMA

The Editor's Corner — Jon Davis

Look Ahead, Not Behind

“God rest ye merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay . . .”

This is the beginning of a well-known song of the Christmas season. It is familiar, and seldom when we sing it or hear it do we stop to think of what the words are saying. Look back at those words. They hold a great deal of truth for each of us.

To me it means this. The work that I haven't done — in academics, sports, and so forth — is behind me. The past three months and the time before them is gone, for better or for worse. I cannot go back and change it. I cannot make good what I have done wrong, nor can I make a better record on things that I may have done well. Yet I can look ahead.

I can plan for the New Year. I can begin to try to help myself and others in a more satisfying way.

So can we all.

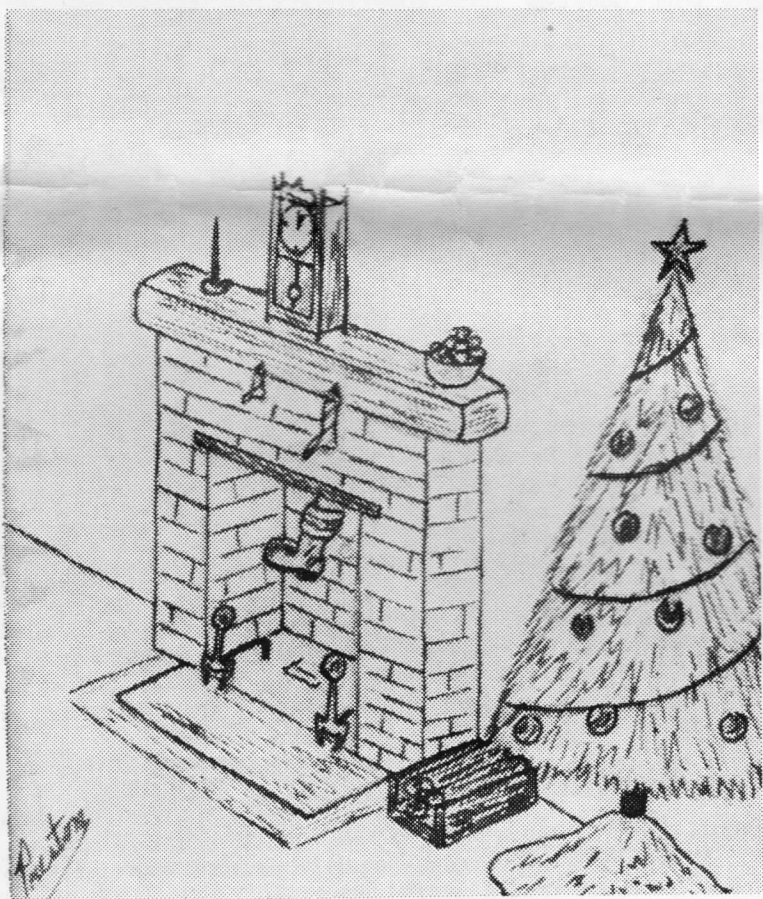
If all of us would do a little more work in the things we try to do, we might surprise ourselves. I am sure that if we would even do just what we are capable of doing, we would accomplish far more than we can imagine.

We could make ourselves more useful, and certainly happier. We could make those who place a trust in us able to be proud.

We are all aware of the fact that exams are coming up this next week. Now would be a good time to make a self-inventory and start a new set of practices.

To paraphrase the words of the song, let nothing you have done in the past bother you, but look to the future. It can be one of great promise.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



"The Midnight Arrival"



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A Blaze of Light fills the night in this scene from the Thanksgiving Pep Rally. The entire corps took part in the Rally on the back field.

AMA Plays FMS 84 Times

AMA has played football with Fishburne Military School 84 times. Three years there were three games, two years two games, and 35 years one game. This makes the AMA-FMS rivalry the oldest in the country.



This Looks Like Christmas but so far the snow man hasn't hit Augusta. There's always hope, though.

In Memoriam

The Corps and all at AMA were saddened by the recent death of Dr. William C. Roller, brother of Col. Charles S. Roller, principal of the Academy. Dr. Roller had long been the advisory physician for the Academy, although in recent years illness had cut his activities. He was 83 years old.

Dr. Roller was a graduate of Augusta Military Academy and a graduate of medicine from the University of Virginia in 1899. He took a tour of training in a Wheeling, West Virginia hospital and practiced in Rockbridge County.

In 1901 Dr. Roller settled at

Mint Spring, where he was a general practitioner for 50 years.

He was a member of the Medical Association of Virginia and the Medical Association of Staunton and Augusta County.

He was an elder and a past superintendent of the Sunday School at the Bethel Presbyterian Church.

He was married in April, 1915 to Miss Mary Larue of Greenbank.

It is with deep sympathy that the **Bayonet** expresses its condolences to Mrs. Roller, to Col. Roller, and all members of the family.

at Christmas. He believed that he wouldn't be deprived of these gifts this year.

His assumption of Christmas' outcome was correct because once again his parents pulled through with most of the things that he had expressed a desire for.

At the same time, but in another, not-so-elaborate section of New York, there was another boy of the same age of a different background.

This boy lived in an orphanage and had never experienced a Christmas of gifts, food, and merriment. He looked toward Christmas with scorn and envy because he had always had to do without the festivities that Christmas has to offer.

On this day, his entire outlook toward Christmas changed because a group of people took the time and consideration to make Christmas real and material for those who had lived without it for a long time. This they did by distributing food, gifts, and small amounts of money to the children of the orphanage.

This boy was content with even the smallest of gifts. He had never had any Christmas, and now he knew what a real Christmas was about. The Christmas that he had read and dreamed about, a Christmas with gifts from someone who cared; this he now knew. The people who made Christmas real for this boy also made it real for themselves. They made the most of a day which comes but once a year. They gave, and their giving was rewarded with a boy's awakening to something beautiful.

It's true, Christmas is what you make it.



Movement With Music is a stand-order at every AMA dance. The Holiday Ball was no exception.



A Christmas Greeting Card goes to Maj. S. S. Wales, Mrs. Wales, Maj. Mal Livick, Mrs. Livick, Col. C. S. Roller and Mrs. Roller. Best Wishes.

From A Christmas Eve

A Short Story

by Howard Hanson

It snowed.

It had been snowing since early in the morning. Now, in the mid-afternoon, the snow had completely blanketed the land. It had begun to pile into drifts and swirls — soft, white, and gentle looking.

As the contours of the hills became more and more rounded with snow, they took on a different appearance. Everything seemed to be transformed. The bare rocks and jagged peaks of the mountains to the west were hidden in fog, and even near-by objects were obscured by the continuing snowfall.

On a little rise overlooking a frozen stream, a small cabin stood alone facing this vast and empty world of snow. The cabin appeared to be as forgotten and empty as the rest of the white wilderness. But only so at first sight. From the chimney on the right side of the narrow building, a thin column of smoke made its way upwards towards the sky giving witness to warmth and habitation.

A door at the side of the cabin opened, and a man and a small boy appeared. A glow of light from the inside sparkled momentarily on the whiteness and then was gone. As the door shut they separated. The man went towards the back where a few small buildings crouched against the hill. A barn of sorts. The boy stumbled down the slope to a place where some logs were hidden under the snow. More wood for the fire.

Soon they were back. The boy's arms were loaded with wood.

"Shake them off again, Paul," the man said.

The boy did so, and then followed the man back into the house.

The inside of the cabin offered a pleasing contrast to the greyness outside. A warm and blazing fire filled the fireplace and illuminated the room. A stack of logs was placed close by. The boy placed his bundle with the others, then pulled off his coat and gloves and stood in front of the fire warming himself. Snow from his boots hissed as it touched the hearth stones.

"Don't stand so near the fire, Paul," a woman said.

The boy turned and faced his mother who had just entered the room from a small nook which served her as a kitchen. She was carrying a wooden bowl, the contents of which she was vigorously stirring.

"What's that, Mom?"

"Don't you worry about what it is. You just pick up that coat and put it where it belongs. And you too, Ed. I swear, you're worse than the boy. How on earth will he ever learn? You certainly don't show him a good example."

The man smiled at her from the door where he had been standing.

"Yes'um" he said.

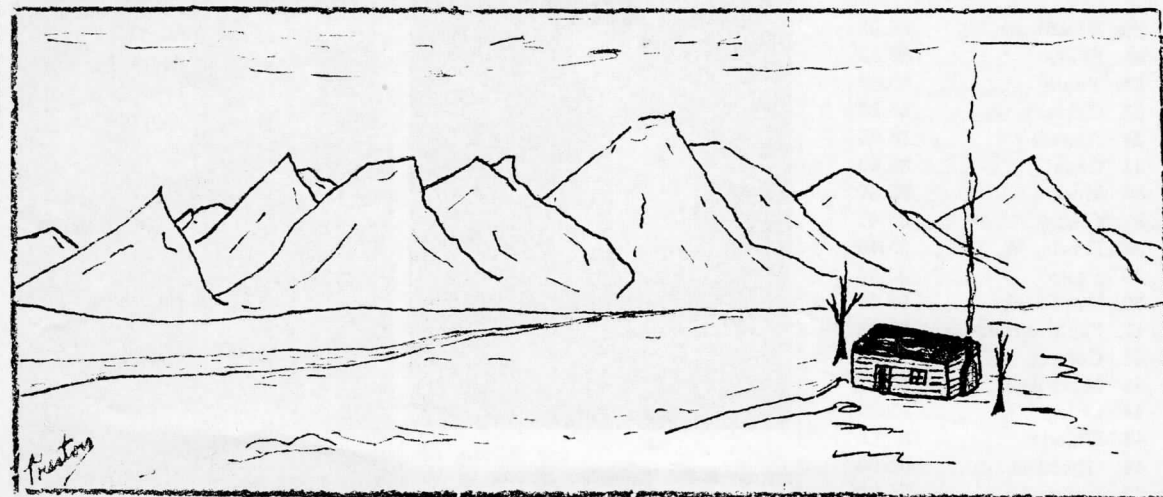
"Oh, for goodness sake!" she said. "Men!"

She turned and went back to her kitchen.

The man winked at the boy, and they both laughed.

"Come on, boy, lets get that stocking of yours ready. I don't think we'd better bother your Ma. Looks like she wants to cook up a storm, and she'll do it better if we stay out of the way. Shouldn't want to give her a chance to blame us if that Christmas cake burns, would we?"

A mumbled comment from the



the cabin looked west to a range of jagged mountains —

region of the kitchen let them know that she had heard, and that she could do with a real stove instead of the primitive black monster she had to fight with.

"Someday you'll have one, Martha," the man said quietly. "Someday."

The boy looked at him questioningly. He smiled again.

"Well, go on. Get it, boy."

The boy darted towards a crude ladder which leaned against the opposite wall. He scrambled up into a shallow loft above, rummaged around for a minute and came back, holding a faded red woolen sock.

"Doesn't look as big as it used to, Pa. Do you think it shrunk?"

"No," he laughed. "You're just getting bigger, Paul. Things look like they shrink when you get bigger."

"I'm six," the boy beamed. "Soon I'll be as big as you, I bet."

"Like as not," his father agreed. "Now lets see if we need to do any patching."

He took the sock from the boy. After holding it up to the firelight for a closer inspection, he frowned a little and issued an order.

"Go and get some sewing stuff from your mother's basket."

The boy went to a corner of the room almost hidden in the gathering darkness. He came back with a wicker basket loaded with needles, thread, and the odds and ends from many sessions of a homemaker's work.

They sat down at a table in the middle of the room and began the work of mending the hole which had appeared in the heel of the sock since the last Christmas.

Work went on uninterrupted for quite a while. There was the business of threading the needle. The man had quite a time with that. Afterwards there was an extreme silence between the two of them, huddled over the old sock. Two pairs of eyes watched each movement of the needle as it made its way painfully through the material. The boy was wishing that his father would hurry and close up that awful hole; the man was thinking that he could never be given a harder task.

Finally it was finished.

"There is it. Good as new, boy!"

"Ready to hang up, Dad?"

"Not until after supper." The woman spoke from the kitchen door. "And from the looks of that, it won't do anyway."

The tone of her voice clearly implied that she didn't approve of her husband's craftsmanship. She tried to look severe, but she couldn't. An impish grin lighted her

face.

"Here," she said, coming towards them, "let me look at that a minute. I guess supper can wait a bit."

She took the sock from her husband, examined it, and then broke into a little laugh. She touched his arm and smiled up at him. Their eyes met. They said nothing, but all of a sudden he was smiling too. The little boy looked bewildered. He tried to attract his mother's attention. He pulled at the sock. Suddenly he found himself smothered in his mother's arms. He didn't like kisses and stuff. He wasn't a baby. He was about to move when she let go and assumed a sober face.

"Well, if I'm going to fix **this**, you two will have to do dishes to-night. Now hand me that red thread."

It didn't take long.

She held it up for inspection. Her fine stitches had tightly bound up the hole. All traces of the earlier bout with needle and thread had disappeared.

"Now that," she said, "looks like a Christmas stocking ought to, my men. Now lets go eat before that mutton gets cold."

The sock was left on the worktable, and the three of them went to the little kitchen for the evening meal.

They were a happy group around the table crowded into the tiny space. The young couple and their son seemed to feel the warmth that they had together.

Thy talked of Christmas, of how it had been the first year, the year that Paul had been born. Martha remembered her home in St. Louis and told of the gay parties the young folk had had. Ed told of Christmas in his home, the valleys of Kentucky. St. Nicholas, the Christ, festive dinners, different customs — all of these they talked about. This was nothing new. It was just the wonderful things that they remembered and talked of each year at this time.

It was a strange world that his parents talked of, as far as the boy was concerned. All he had ever known was the life here — the clapboard town ten miles away which he had been to when his father went for supplies, the church where a handful of settlers like themselves met in good weather, the few rough acres that his father tilled in the summer, the river close by, the mountains in the distance — this was his world. But he listened eagerly to the tales he was told. His eyes shined, and he tried to imagine himself as a part of all he heard.

He realized that the talking had stopped. He shook himself and looked across at his mother. She looked as if she was going to cry.

"It's so hard for a baby," she said. She looked at the boy, but she spoke to the man.

And then she did cry.

Her husband rose and went to her. He turned her to him.

For the second time that day the boy watched his parents talk without saying anything. His father placed his hand on his mother's cheek, leaned towards her, and kissed her forehead. Suddenly she was holding to him. The father nodded to the boy. That nod the boy understood. He got up and left them.

He put some more logs onto the fire, then sat down and watched the flames.

It was about the baby again. His mother was touchy about that. One was coming. They had all known that for several months now, and it had made things different. His mother was nervous, and she cried a lot. Like tonight.

Paul had learned to say nothing. He accepted his mother's moods and understood that she loved them, no matter what she said or did. His father had tried to explain it to him.

"It's always hard," he had said. "and we must be patient. Your mother can't help it. Since your two little brothers died, she's been afraid. The new baby will help her. Until it gets here, lets try and help her. She needs us."

The boy thought of what his father had said. He watched sparks fly in the fireplace, and he wondered about it all.

He glanced up at the table. The red sock was still there. He went and got it. He fingered it, wondering what gift it might hold for him in the morning. He heard a noise and turned around.

It was his parents coming in together. His mother was leaning heavily upon his father. She seemed pale, but she smiled at him and held her arm to him.

He went to her.

"Let's put your stocking up, son," she said tenderly.

Her eyes were shining, and she seemed very beautiful to the boy.

He went to the side of the fireplace, to where a large nail had been driven between the rocks. This was the place for his stocking.

On the nail the sock looked even smaller to him than it had before. But it didn't matter. It was up and ready. That much of Christmas he was now ready for.

"Now, up to bed with you. Time for sleep," she said.

The boy felt his father's hand on his shoulder. He looked up.

"Can't I wait a little bit?"

"No, boy. Your mother's right. Off with you."

He kissed his mother good night and scrambled for the ladder.

Up in the loft he could hardly go to sleep for the many fancies that crowded his brain. He thought and thought and . . .

He was wakened from his dream by a scream that pierced the night. It was followed by another. And another.

He sat up, frightened. He heard his father moving about in the big room. He dressed quickly and almost fell down the ladder.

His father was moving about frantically. He was throwing more wood on the fire. He glanced around and saw Paul standing there.

"Your mother," he said. His throat was tight. His voice was strange and unnatural. "Keep the fire going. Light the lamp in the kitchen. Get water in the kettle. Please, son!"

Paul moved about mechanically, half-awake, half - asleep, and frightened so that he couldn't stop shivering.

Thoughts reeled about in his head. He wasn't really sure what was happening. He was dimly aware of more screams. He covered his ears. That sound!

His father came in and out two or three times. Paul was afraid to follow him to the room in the back, the room where the screams came from. He sank to the floor. It was cold, but he didn't notice it. He couldn't stop trembling.

All of a sudden it grew still. The screams stopped as suddenly as they had started. Paul strained his ears to listen. Nothing.

He felt numb. He couldn't move. The room reeled about him.

The kettle on the stove hissed at him and aroused him. He moved it quickly. It sounded almost like a scream when the water boiled.

He forced himself to walk into the big room. The fire was getting low again. He reached for a log and watched the hungry flames lick at it.

All of a sudden he began to cry. It wasn't a loud crying. It was soft and helpless, and afraid. He sat by the hearth and wept.

He was aware of his father. He looked up and saw him standing over him.

He had never seen his face the way it was. The older man looked sadder than anything. His cheeks wre wet. A groan came from him, barely audible. He kept shaking his head and clenching and unclenching his fists.

Paul wanted to say something. The words stuck in his mouth. Finally he got one word out.

"Mother?"

His father held him close. He wiped his cheek with his sleeve.

"Your mother will be all right — in time" he murmured.

There was nothing more to say.

The boy was shaken by chills again. The father noticed, and gathered him up in his arms and carried him up the ladder and placed him on his mattress. He looked at him intently for a moment.

"My son," he whispered, and then he was gone.

Outside, the snowstorm had subsided. The flurries had ceased, and a cold wind was rising from the hollows along the banks of the frozen river. An icy chill captured the land.

The fog and mist disappeared, revealing a sky brilliant with millions of stars.

One or two of them seemed very close.

Academic Lists Increase Many Names Fill Roster

More names have appeared on the Honor Roll and Privilege List this year than ever before. Because of lack of space, the BAYONET did not publish the October lists. Therefore, both October and November lists appear below—Editor.

OCTOBER

HONOR ROLL

1. Ottenburg	96.68
2. Stratton	96.60
3. Canevet, J.	95.60
4. Jones, A.	94.80
5. Smoyer	94.17
6. Widener	93.67
7. Talley	93.57
8. Reiland	93.43
9. Hunter	93.38
10. Canevet, R.	92.57
11. Cook, J.	92.43
12. Bishop	92.40
13. Balkin	92.40
14. McCue	92.33
15. Warner, P.	92.29
16. Rowe, D.	92.25
17. Wortman	82.20
18. Collins	92.13
19. Sutton	91.60
20. Shepard	91.57
21. McVey	91.50
22. Lyons	91.33
23. Dillman	91.29
24. Conway	91.00
25. Reeves	91.00
26. Wagner, J.	90.60
27. Goldblatt	90.50
28. Godoy	90.43
29. Bass	90.00
30. Prewitt	90.00
31. Cazenave	89.80
32. Schlusemeyer	89.80
33. Chichester	89.67
34. Szczechowski	89.67
35. Fike	89.60
36. Rubens	89.38
37. Hurme	89.20
38. Lacey	89.00
39. Ruffner	89.00
40. Strehle	88.80
41. Sims	88.80
42. Jackson, A.	88.60
43. Miller	88.60
44. Cunningham	88.40
45. Williamson	88.40
46. Wooden	88.40
47. Jones, R.	88.29
48. Nicholson	88.29
49. Brothers	88.00
50. Huller	88.00
51. Ingram	88.00
52. Price, D.	88.00

OCTOBER

PRIVILEGE LIST

1. Russell, W.	87.88
2. Prentice	87.80
3. Popovich	87.67
4. Swanson	87.67
5. Tolson	87.60
6. Gardill	87.50
7. Bourguard	87.40
8. Dillard	87.40
9. Johnson, C.	87.33
10. Keller	87.33
11. Petty	87.33
12. Bart	87.17
13. Maupin	87.17
14. Burns	87.00
15. Harrell	87.00
16. Leonard	87.00
17. Link	87.00
18. Mechem	87.00
19. Moorefield	87.00
20. Tiller	87.00
21. Herwick	86.50
22. Clagett, M.	86.43
23. Ashman	86.40
24. Bernert	86.33
25. Bobrow	86.29
26. Urbina	86.25
27. Gaston	86.00
28. Wales	86.00
29. Westbrook	86.00

30. Bradbury	85.83
31. Frees	85.83
32. Towe	85.83
33. Calvert, J.	85.80
34. Atwell	85.80
35. Casal	85.60
36. More	85.60
37. Clegg	85.43
38. Davis, W.	85.40
39. Page	85.40
40. Burroughs	85.40
41. Fechheimer	85.33
42. Cooper	85.20
43. Markline	85.17
44. Coiner, C.	85.00
45. Escoda	85.00
46. Gilchrist	85.00
47. Long, L.	85.00
48. McMahon	85.00
49. Osborne	85.00
50. Sexton	85.00
51. Yancey	85.00
52. Meyer	84.83
53. Golladay	84.80
54. Gregory	84.80
55. Keeney	84.80
56. Leigh	84.80
57. Riedell	84.80
58. Walter, H.	84.80
59. Hamman	84.71
60. Amendola	84.60
61. Elder	84.60
62. Etchison	84.60
63. Kiracofe, R.	84.60
64. Sharlet	84.60
65. Dorton	84.60
66. Kamper	84.60
67. Blaylock	84.40
68. Edwards	84.40
69. Madley	84.40
70. Mackey	84.33
71. Morrow	84.29
72. Diaz	84.20
73. Willcox	84.20
74. Green	84.00
75. Hannah	84.00
76. Lowman	84.00
77. Masemer	84.00
78. Quatman, W.	84.00
79. Runnels	84.00

NOVEMBER

HONOR ROLL

1. McCue	97.33
2. Stratton	96.70
3. Reiland	95.86
4. Ottenberg	95.43
5. Widener	94.83
6. Smoyer	94.67
7. Collins	94.57
8. Reeves	94.33
9. Bishop	93.80
9. Conway	93.80
9. Jones, A.	93.80
12. Canevet, J.	93.40
12. Evans	93.40
14. Ruffner	93.29
15. Prewitt	93.20
16. Cook, J.	92.71
17. Lyons	92.67
18. Godoy	92.57
19. Morefield	92.40
20. Price, G.	92.29
21. Russell, W.	92.14
22. Canevet, R.	92.00
22. McVey	92.00
24. Talley	91.86
25. Rowe, D.	91.38
26. Huller	91.00
26. Skipper	91.00

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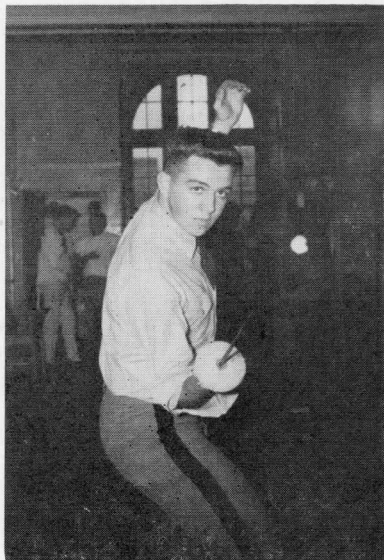
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29. Felt	90.80
30. Wales	90.57
31. Dillman	90.43
32. Tiller	90.20
33. Westbrook	90.17
34. Brothers	90.00
35. Balkin	89.80
36. Benedik	89.71
37. Hutchins	89.67
38. Hunter	89.62
39. Cook, A.	89.60
39. Wagner, J.	89.60
41. Johnson, C.	89.50
42. Hedden	89.43
43. Holt	89.40
44. Harrell	89.00
44. Nicholson	89.00
46. Ashman	88.80
46. Wortman	88.80
48. Szczechowski	88.50
49. Cazenave	88.40
49. Williamson	88.40
51. Shepherd	88.29
52. Sutton	88.20
52. Trimble, D.	88.20
54. Markline	88.17
55. Warner, P.	88.14
56. Casal	88.00
56. Jennings	88.00

NOVEMBER

PRIVILEGE LIST

1. Swanson	87.83
2. Hardy	87.80
2. Karaisz	87.80
4. Jones, R.	87.71
5. Gaston	87.67
6. Ray	87.60
7. Webb	87.57
7. Wooden	87.57
9. Appleton, M.	87.33
9. Maupin	87.33
11. Prentice	87.25
12. Diaz	87.20
12. Gregory	87.20
12. Tackett	87.20
12. Tangorra	87.20
16. Gardill	87.17
17. Bergman	87.00
17. Ingram	87.00
17. White, R.	87.00

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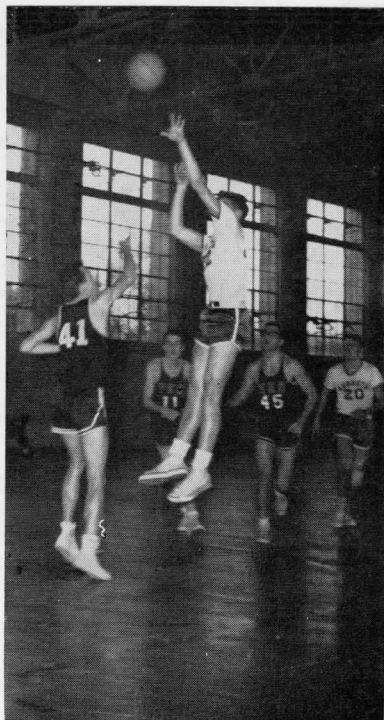
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20. Glantzburg	86.80
20. Gray, J.	86.80
20. Morrow	86.80
20. Sims	86.80
20. Yerky	86.80
25. Tamuschy	86.71
26. Allen, J.	86.60
26. Coiner, C.	86.60
26. Deacon	86.60
26. Miller	86.60
30. Pearsall	86.57
31. Dillard	86.40
32. Christensen	86.33
33. Rubens	86.25
34. Golladay	86.20
34. Linton	86.20
34. Madley	86.20
34. Moore, R.	86.20
34. Newman	86.20
39. Hume	86.00
40. Rosso, G.	85.86
41. Carter, C.	85.83
41. Weeks	85.83
43. Atwell	85.80
43. Foster	85.80
43. Jackson, A.	85.80
43. Pilger	85.80
47. Sharlet	85.60
47. Whately	85.60
49. Austin	85.50
49. Cotton	85.50
51. Reidell	85.40
53. Calvert, R.	85.33
54. Keller	85.20
54. Kerlin	85.20
56. Frech	85.00
56. Kenny	85.00
57. Boselli	84.83

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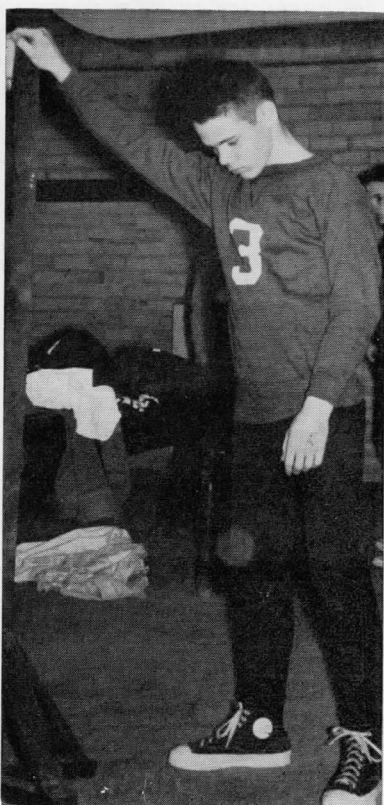
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"Who Will Give First?" is what Bill McVey, fifth year cadet and ace wrestler, seems to be thinking here.

57. Decker	84.83
57. Kamper	84.83
61. Hannah	84.80
62. Hamman	84.71
63. Mazzei	84.50
64. Blaylock	84.43
64. Claggett, M.	84.43
64. Coiner, B.	84.43
64. Jarosz	84.43
64. Morgan	84.43
64. Poast	84.43
70. Daugherty	84.40
71. Herwick	84.33
72. Clegg	84.29
73. Osborne	84.20
73. Owens, D.	84.20
75. Abell	84.14
76. Kessell	84.00
76. Saunders	84.00

PMS T-SGT. LEAVES

Cadet First Capt. Bill Bowen has received a note from Sgt. Haynie thanking the Corps for his going away present, a sword. Sgt. Haynie was at Augusta for three years with the PMS&T. He is currently assigned to Ft. Meade, Md.

All his friends at Augusta wish Sgt. Haynie well in his duties at Ft. Meade.

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LEE JACKSON MOTOR COURT

3 Miles from AMA

A FINE PLACE FOR YOUR
PARENTS TO SPEND THE
WEEKEND

Verona, Va.

TIME OUT

Sports by J. H. Morris

Team Play Always Counts

Maybe football is over, but there are a lot of things to be remembered and looked back on. It was a good season, and many people helped to make it so.

While only two gold footballs were given, lets not forget those other members of the team. Without thir backing, Ralph Leonard and Charlie Cash wouldn't have stood out the way they did.

Lets not forget Melvin Hooker, for instance, who intercepted a pass in the Charlottesville game and ran for a long, long touchdown. Harry "Yellowstone" Wilson, in the same game also ran for a TD.

Also lets not forget Wayne Blaylock, who set up many scores by running back the opening kickoffs.

Extra yardage needed? Bobby Gevrekian was always there to shoot through the lines.

Kick? Who but Bud Allison with his funny but precisioned way of kicking at a 50 degree angle would do the job?

Receiver for passes? Bob Whist was ready.

John Lowman, Mike Harlow, Tom Brothers — everybody on the AMA squad was in there pitching when it counted. The excellent record of the 1959 team is really a tribute to team spirit and co-operation.

While we're still on football, a word is due about the other AMA teams — the Tigers, the JV's, the Juniors. They played, too, and were quite successful.

Losing their games didn't upset the Tigers. Their spirit made them a fighting team, and one to be reckoned with in every contest.

The same is genrally true of the JV team, which graduated quite a few players to the varsity.

The Junior squad was most successful, winning all their games but one which was a tie. Perhaps this is the most important team at AMA, for it is from the Junior team that tomorrow's varsity, Tiger, and JV teams will be drawn. And from these last comes the varsity.

Congratulations to all the players and to all the coaches.

And now, a look ahead. The Winter Sports are all in practice. Wrestling, swimming, basketball, and fencing teams are now preparing for the months ahead. The rifle team has already begun its schedule.

Have you found your place on one of these teams? We're still driving for that 100 per cent participation goal. We'd like to forget that there ever was a squatter's team. It's up to you, like we've said before. Lets get going!

Sports Feature By Claiborne Wilcox

Augusta Swimmers Wade In

The AMA Aqua Streaks are off to a terrific splash this year! Col. Hoover, the swimming coach, has been coaching the AMA swimmers for ten years, and he has said that this year's team has the potential to be the best since his Championship team of 1952. He has also stated that several of the boys on this year's team should do well individually in the Virginia State Meet.

Co-captains of the Aqua Streaks this season are Mitch Gaston and Clay Wilcox. Both are veterans of previous seasons in the AMA pool.

In addition to Gaston and Wilcox, two other lettermen have returned to the swimming team this year. They are Mike Basto and Bill Keller. These four men are the backbone around which the rest of the team will be built.

Mitch Gaston specialized in diving last year, but he also did his part in the swimming of the 200 yard relay event. It was the relay event which smashed the VMI pool record last year. Mitch has his eyes set on the Virginia State Diving Championship this year. Every day, come "Don't Try" or low water, Mitch can be found at the pool, faithfully practicing his dives.

The other members of the team have been equally good about being at practice. Clay Wilcox is trying to better his last year's record which was notable in that he started from nothing and came from behind to place first in every meet but two.

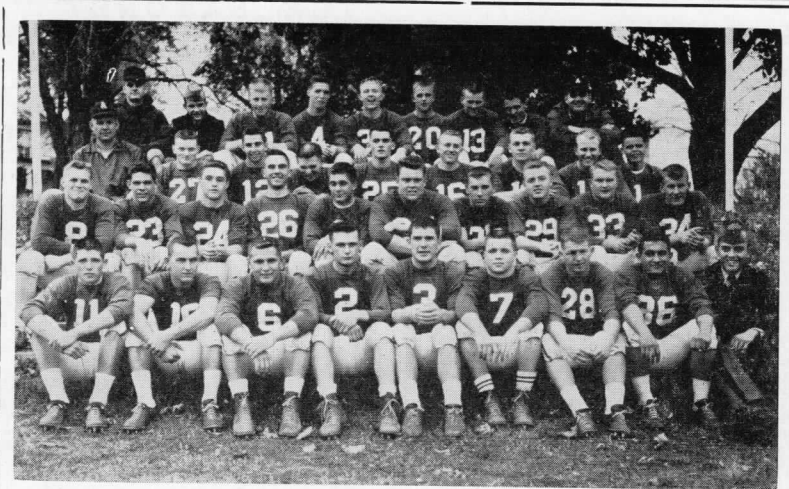
Bill Keller, who came to the Aqua Streaks last year, was a bit hesitant of cold water at first, but he soon adapted himself to the Antarctic features of the AMA pool and rapidly developed into a powerful swimmer. We expect much from Keller this year. He is the main feature of the 100 yard freestyle event.

Mike Basto, veteran swimmer in Virginia circles, is a backstroke specialist. He has held the Virginia State backstroke record in his class. To this he owes the expert adroitness with which he executes his "flip turn." Mike was an asset to AMA last year and should be again this year.

New men working with the veteran Aqua Streaks include John Tiller, Dick Atwell, Coleman Carter, Max Casal, Hilton Maney, Arthur Hurme, and Peter Schwind in the freestyle; John Poast in the breaststroke; Joe Lea, Peter Madley, and John Allen in the butterfly; and Stuart Garrett in diving events. Garrett, who holds top honors in the state of Georgia for diving, will not only assist Gaston in the diving chores, but will take part in the 200 yard freestyle relay. Madley, who practically lives in the water, is expected to go far in the individual medley.

With the ominous thought of 17 meets after Christmas, the Aqua Streaks keep practicing and looking to Col. Paul V. Hoover for the guidance that can make them a successful team. Knowing Col. Hoover's drive, this year's team has a better than average chance.

Good luck, Aqua Streaks. And keep splashing!



The AMA Blue Streaks in '59 —

first row (left to right)—Trott, Allison, Williamson, Gardill, Leonard, Lowman, Cash, Rodriquez, Roelle

second row—White, Blaylock, Gevrekian, Brothers, Cooke, Harlow, Crawford, Mackey, Campbell, Bergman

third row—Coach Thornton, Newman, Wilson, Zinkham, McAleese, Herwitt, Strehle, Hooker, Swanson

fourth row—Coach Livick, Lincoln, Morris, J. H., Trimble, Gray, Baker, Townsend, Basto, Coach Ralph

AMA Rolls Over Fishburne 20-0

Game Closes '59 Season

A score for Augusta within minutes of the opening kick - off indicated the pattern for the afternoon as AMA played host to Fishburne Military School on Thanksgiving Day. The guests were defeated 20-0.

Receiving the kick-off on his own 19 yard line, AMA's Wayne Blaylock ran all the way to the FMS 43 yard line. Two plays later, Charlie Cash found an opening in the Fishburne line and cut slightly to his left for a 48 yard touchdown run. Bud Allison's side kick was good, and AMA was ahead 7-0 in less than five minutes of playing time.

Augusta's second tally was marked by a 64 yard drive in 12 plays. The third AMA score came when Harry Wilson darted over the goal line from the 2 yard mark. The first two scores came during the first half, and the remainder of the game was mostly defensive for Augusta.

The Caissons tried many times for first downs but only succeeded in three attempts.

Fishburne made a late rally in the fourth quarter, scoring a first down in a run from the 50 yard line to the AMA 35. They fumbled the ball. Tom Brothers recovered for AMA, and the Caissons never got their hands on the ball again.



Wayne Blaylock varsity fullback is a real AMA athletic star from 7th. grade up, he has played all sports, and with success.

Statistics		
AMA		FMS
3	touchdowns	0
2	conversions	0
248	yards rushing	124
18	first downs	3
8	attempted passes	3
62	yards passing	0
1	passes intercepted	2
1	app. fumble recovered	1
3	punts	5
39	punting average	42
65	penalties	35
AMA	6 7 0 7-20	
AMS	0 0 0 0-0	

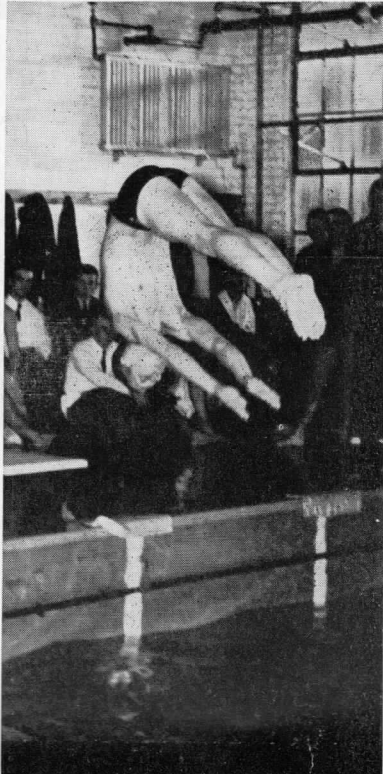
Coaches for the AMA Blue Streaks this season were Capt. Bill Ralph, Capt. Mal Livick, and M/Sgt John Thornton.

Junior Squad Plays Final Night Game

AMA's Junior team journeyed to Gordonsville for the final game of their season against the local school team. AMA won the game 13-0. Scoring was led by Roger Canevet and Jeffory Hedden.

The Juniors unveiled a "secret weapon" in the shape of nine-year-old Joseph Lucus at this game. Lucus took over the role of quarterback in the absence of regular Lester Davis who was ill.

This last game of the Junior season was a night game. All Junior games this year were played under the lights.



No Ice Breaker Is Needed when Mitch Gaston is around. Cold or warm, it makes no difference to AMA's diving king. He's always ready!

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Private Dining Room

For Reservations Call TU 6-2776

Seafoods — Choice Steaks



Review For Exams brings a smile from Maj. Davis and from Sonny Hurst. They seem to have the situation well in hand.

January Movies Are Varied Fare

Showing on the AMA screen in January . . . a selection ranging from war to Far West . . .

Jan. 9—"Darby's Rangers" . . . all about the forming of a famous fighting unit in WW II . . . with James "Maverick" Garner . . .



Action in Hcover Hall takes place every afternoon when the fencers take over. Here Phil Hoope thrusts a fast one. This is Hoppe's second year with the fencers.

Jan. 16—"Sabrina" . . . life among the very rich . . . what poor girl can do to a man with money . . . with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn cutting capers . . .

Jan. 23—"Union Pacific" . . . Cecille B. DeMille's epic of the building of a transcontinental line . . . with Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea . . .

Jan. 30—"Northwest Mounted Police" . . . another DeMille opus . . . Gary Cooper leads the way through the North Woods . . . in color, of coures . . .

AMA Band, Rifles March In Staunton

The Augusta Military Academy Band, Color Guard, and Roller Rifles took part in Staunton's Christmas Parade at the end of the Thanksgiving weekend.

The Roller Rifles, led by Cadet Capt. Steve Durst took second place in competition. The Band, led by Cadet Lt. Clay Wilcox and directed by Capt. William Goforth, took fourth place, winning a cash prize of \$25.

The AMA units were in the Fifth Division of the parade, which featured 120 separate units.

The Band will appear once more before Christmas leave. They will play in Craigsville this Saturday night when Santa Claus visits the children of that town.

Para Los Latinos

Quien Dice Que Say Chimoso?

by Mike Villarroel

Companeros Todos:

Es un gran placer y honor a la vez poderles dar una calurosa bienvenida a Uds a esta Academia.

Durante muchos anos han venido muchos Latinos a esta Academia, y seguiran despues de nosotros, pero este ano en calidad de representante de todos Uds. yo espero que hagamos lo posible para ser el mejor grupo de Latinos que Augusta Military Academy, que nunca haya tendido. Y al mismo tiempo dejemos a nuestros Praises en un lugar alto, y asi poder retribuir el esfuerzo que nuestros familiares han hecho por nosotros.

Durante los tres anos que yo llevo en A.M.A. sinceramente les dire que este es el mejor, debe de ser por que es mi ultimo ano, pero nunca Nos. habiamos tenido tantos honores como este ano:

Este ano tenemos tres oficiales que son Rodriguez, Noboa, y "Mike" Villarroel; y muchos Sargentos como son Madinabeitia, Pintado, Casal, Urbina, Tamargo. Tambien tenemos Cabos como Caceres, y Bravo.

Por primera vez en la historia de A. M. A. tenemos 6 Latinos miembros del "Roller Rifle" estos son: Urbina, Rodriguez, Casal, Noboa, Pintado, y Villarroel; el R. R. esta formado por los Cadetes mas Distinguidos del Batallon, esta organizacion esta compuesta por 40 Cadetes.

En el Student Body tenemos a "Mike" Villarroel, como representante de los Latinos; y a Diaz como representante de los Cadetes Nuevos.

En el Y. M. C. A. tenemos a Miguel Villarroel como Presidente y como representante de los Latinos en el Y. M. C. A. a Eduardo Noboa.

La directiva del Spanish Club para el ano 59-60 es la siguiente; Presidente: Miguel Villarroel, Vice-Presidente Cesar Rodriguez, Segundo Vice-Presidente Urbina, Secretarios; Noboa y Casal, Tesoreros Pintado, Madinabeitia, Tamargo. Y de Office Boy a Trujillo.

Los Seniors para 1959-60 son: Urbina, Casal, Rodriguez, Villar-

roel Madinabeitia, Noboa, Garcia, y Pintado.

Chismografia

CASAL; esta trabajando para llevarse la medalla del mas chimoso y tiene a Madinabeitia que le sigue muy de cerca.

GARCIA; por mudo te levantaron la americana en el baile, aprende a hablar.

GUTIERREZ; alias "PESTANITA" y dicen que la hondurena te dejo pues no sabias ni hablar "INDIO GUAJIRO".

TRUJILLO; sobrino de chapita ese mas bien parece un africano bombom, negro . . .

DIAZ, la obeja blanca de la familia.

MADINABEITIA; rebelde sin casa.

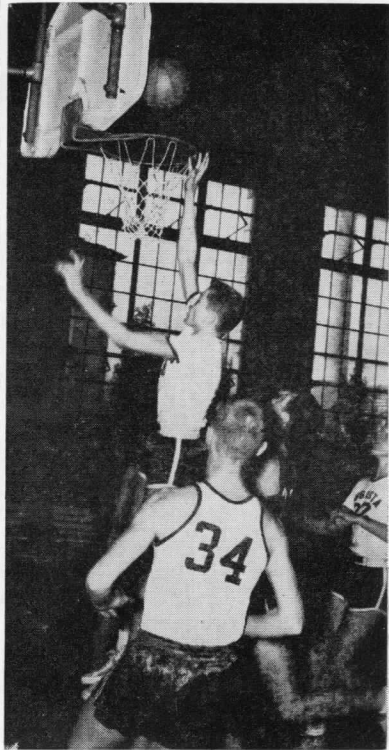
SCHUMAN; el tonto del batallon.

ORILLAC; alias "EL SUPULTURERO".

VASSALLO; miijo no estudies el circo esta abierto y buscan un payaso

BRAVO, MARCHENA, MORALES; las tres alegres comadres

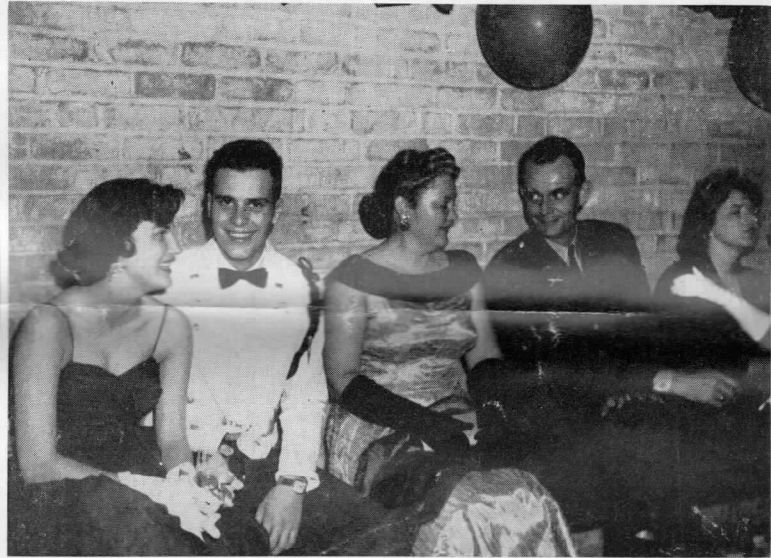
LOS MAS BONITOS SON; Orillac, Trujillo, Yraztorza, Schuman, Noboa, Marchena, Morales, De La Concha.



Ronnie Reigelman will be a strong stand for the AMA cagers this year as they face a fifteen game schedule in the winter months.

Juniors Plan Choir

The Junior School has organized a choir to sing for the Christmas YMCA. Directed by Mrs. O. A. Davis and Capt. Hanson the 20-odd Junior cadets will sing four numbers their first time out.



Caught On the Side Lines at the Holiday Ball, this quartet sits one out. Pat Spillan, Wayne Bart, and Major and Mrs. Wales were part of the record crowd that attended this dance.

WEEKLY "BOODLE BOX" (28 deliveries)	\$59.00
BI-MONTHLY "BOODLE BOX" (14 deliveries)	32.00
MONTHLY "BOODLE BOX" (17 deliveries)	16.00
BIRTHDAY CAKE (ONLY) 12 inch two layer	4.75

Enrollment in the "BOODLE BOX PROGRAM" includes a 12 inch two layer decorated birthday cake at no extra cost.

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DELIVER TO CADET _____		
FULL NAME _____		
BARRACKS _____	SCHOOL _____	
HAPPY BIRTHDAY _____	FROM _____	
NAME TO APPEAR ON CARD _____		
ORDER BY _____		
ADDRESS _____		
CITY _____	State _____	

cakebox bakery, inc. of Staunton, Va. through the cooperation of Augusta Military Academy, is prepared to serve your CADET with the finest quality baked products. Arrangements may now be made for you the parent or guardian to share in the celebration of your Cadet's birthday while he is away from home. Just think, his favorite birthday cake along with a personal message from you can now be delivered directly to his barracks on his all important day.

For that "CHOW HOUND CADET" arrangements may also be made for the delivery of a "BOODLE BOX" on a weekly, bi-monthly, or monthly basis—A varied assortment of baked goodies will be included in each "Boodle Box" namely: BROWNIES, HOMESTYLE COOKIES, BUTTER COOKIES, MACAROONS, CUP CAKES, E'CLAIRS, CREAM PUFFS, JELLY OR CREAM

STICKS and or a CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE. (Unless otherwise indicated the contents and varieties of each "BOODLE BOX" will be left to our choice.)

We guarantee the value of our "BOODLE BOXES" to be in excess of \$2.50 and our 12 inch decorated birthday cakes \$5.00.

If your CADET has a preference for a particular bakery item we shall be happy to oblige, if you will so indicate. Your suggestions as well as instructions are most welcome.

* Our twenty five years in the baking industry is your assurance of outstanding quality products and service. (We guarantee every delivery.)

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A Happy Holiday To All